

WHIG CREED.

DANIEL R. RUSSELL, EDITOR.

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✓ V. B. PALMER, of New York City, is fully authorized to act as our Agent, in receiving and recouping for all Advertisements procured in the Eastern cities. His Agency Offices are as follows: New York—Tribune buildings, opposite City Hall.

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To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We are glad that we are able to again appear in full dress. We send our paper this week to all of our subscribers; if any one should think we have forfeited our claim upon him as a subscriber, he can return it to us, though we promise to make up during the year for our failure.

To OUR EXCHANGES.—We return our sincere thanks to those of our exchanges who have kindly continued to send us their papers, during the non-appearance of THE CREED.

✓ We desire to acknowledge the courtesy of the gentlemanly proprietors of the Vicksburg Whig, who furnish us their excellent Daily. By this means we are put in possession of the earliest intelligence—Commercial, Foreign, &c.

✓ We have received several numbers of the N. O. DELTA, a new paper published in New Orleans. It is certainly worthy of the most liberal patronage. Its editorials are rich, well written productions, and each number contains original humorous sketches, such as in former days graced the 'Picayune.' It is also the medium of commercial intelligence, and the latest foreign news. Success to the Delta.

✓ It is definitely settled, we discover, that Cabell, Whig, is elected to Congress, in Florida. It is said that Brockenborough, Loco candidate, will contest the seat.

✓ Mr. Everett, Commissioner to China, and Mr. Webster, are lecturing in the Northern cities about China and the Chinese. Our exchanges are filled with interesting sketches from these lectures which we will give hereafter.

OREGON—ENGLAND—WAR.

England is now making, and has been for some months, extensive preparations FOR WAR—war with some nation, and it can hardly be doubted that they are meant for us: So they are regarded by Mr. Polk and his Cabinet, if we are to suppose that the old gentleman with specs, reflects the opinions of those gentlemen. The Oregon dispute is the cause of this war on the part of England, or rather Mr. Polk's sapient declaration in his inaugural, with regard to our title to the Oregon, and the influence which that declaration had upon the negotiations upon this subject.

War is thought to be inevitable if Congress shall agree with Mr. Polk, as to our title to the Oregon. We have not space this week to say what we think about this matter, and will close this article with quoting the following sensible remarks of the BULLETIN, upon Mr. Ritchie's call to the Democracy to sustain the administration in the event of a war:

"What means the official journal in a matter of this import and character, by a PARTY appeal? Are the Whig party to be counted as Aliens in our international disputes? The appeal would be scandalous in the commonest party back. In a paper professing to represent the government it is shameful, disorganizing and misjudged, to a degree. Let Mr. Polk beware how he drops the character of his office for the condition of a party leader, or attempts to shield his responsibility as a Chief Magistrate behind the dicta of an irresponsible party convention. He is there to fulfill duties to the country. If he has high and responsible grounds to take on the Oregon or any other subject involving a national dispute, his reliance is the country. Let him appeal to that. Of all things, our adversaries trust in and hope to profit by our domestic dissension. Is the official paper to foment them, and encourage the belief that in questions of peace or war, a moiety of the people will take the side of the enemy? Out upon such ill-judged and injurious imputations! If the President thinks the time has arrived when we ought to assert and act on our title to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, let him state the case fairly to the country, and throw himself not on a faction or a fragment, but on the patriotism that animates the land."

'FASHION' is again the victor, in a four mile race; we think, for the 20th time. S a beat 'LIATUNAH' (the Bounding Doe) on the 23d Oct. over the Union Course. Purse, \$1000, in 7:43. One heat determined the race. 'LIATUNAH' was wounded in the spear, or thoracic vein, and was withdrawn. The N. Y. correspondent of the 'Bulletin,' gives the following remark upon the nags: "The loser proved herself a very superior nag, and in the absence of Fashion, it would not be easy to find her equal. Fashion is a 'thought,' under 15 3; Liatunah not perhaps, quite her size, but presenting in form, a striking resemblance, perhaps even better in the loin, but not her equal in the quarter; nothing wanting, nothing superfluous in either. Fashion a bright, the Bounding Doe a deep chestnut. Time was, within my recollection, when 50 to 1 would have been freely bet on 7:43 against any field."

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

This body met and dispersed. Mr. Calhoun came—spoke—and went home again; and this is a fair, full and explicit account of the whole affair, so far as we can gather from the newspaper reports.

We are constrained to differ from those who have heaped so much compliment upon the speech of the great statesman. The bulk of his speech is a detailed account of the various projected, half-finished, and completed rail-roads, that the South and West boast—a slam at the Tariff—and an adoption of the system of internal improvements upon the part of the General Government in effect, to wit, by calling the Mississippi river an inland sea, &c., advises a recommendation to Congress to repeal the duty on rail-road iron, in order to cheapen it, intimating that this cannot be considered an interruption of the Tariff, for England will need all the iron she will make any how. One would think if England had no iron to send to us, our iron-mongers now have the monopoly, and taking off the Tariff would not effect the price.

The Convention did nothing but pass resolutions expressive of the wants of the South and West—wants that were obvious, and the expressions unnecessary, and as far as we can see, unprofitable.

THE ELECTION.—The official returns for the general State Election have not yet reached us, and we decline giving the table until it can be presented entirely full. A few of the counties have not yet been heard from here. Some think the Democratic majority is from 8,000 to 10,000. We do not know whether this is correct—and do not care.

It is well known, that there was no organized opposition to the full sway of Loco-focoism: some of the counties voting for one Whig candidate for Governor—others voting for a different Whig candidate for the same office; and so with some of the Whig candidates for other State offices.

We are in the hands of Loco-foco leaders and will remain there, until the people become disgusted with them and "spew them out" of their confidence. This will surely come, as now from their undisputed control in the State government, they cannot avoid the responsibility and accountability for their own acts, as heretofore they have always done—ever evincing an adroitness in this species of political juggling, that is unequalled in the world, unless it be by Mons. Adrian's conjuror's trick of "being where he is not." There is not a "mother's son" of the whole set, whose political course can be tracked past the winter of 1837; and the bastard-bantling Legislative acts of the previous time can find no father—those bank-battlings begotten by lust upon avarice. There is scarcely a political sin of which they have been guilty, that they have not succeeded in saddling upon the Whigs, being the very foremost now in denouncing these acts. But now "they are without excuse," and we hope the people will watch them.

From the 'Southern Reformer' we gather that the political complexion of the next Legislature, will be in the

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

Whigs, - - - 29 | Democrats, - - 72

IN THE SENATE:

Whigs, - - - 9 | Democrats, - - 22

It is said that the river Amazon offers steamboat navigation to the foot of the Andes, and to within a week's travel of the Pacific ocean. This, if true, however, will not supersede the necessity of the much talked of canal, connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic waters; for after reaching the highest navigable point on the Amazon, there are more difficulties to encounter before reaching the Pacific by that route, than by some of the other routes that have been suggested.

The large Gun for the Princeton was shipped on board the packet ship John R. Skiddy, which was to sail on the 29th September from Liverpool.

✓ It is said that the Mexican Government have offered to receive a Minister from the United States.

✓ It is rumored that two of the Mexican provinces near the Texas (U.S.) line, have applied to be annexed. If true, an opportunity is afforded to M. Guizot for the adoption of his policy of preserving the balance of power on this continent.

The Boston Sun says:—The actor Booth, is seriously ill, and now under medical treatment. His services on the stage of life are drawing to a close, we fear, and he will soon finish his last scene."

[From the New Orleans Delta, Nov. 17.] Latest from England.

Arrival of the Caledonia—Nine Days later News—Warlike Preparations of England—Continued Depression in the Cotton Market—Flourishing state of the American Provision Market—Another triumph of Ab-del-Kader over his French Invaders.

The mail of yesterday brought forward the news by the steamship Caledonia. It is to the 19th ult. The Caledonia left Liverpool on the 19th ult., and arrived at Boston on the morning of the 3d instant, making the passage in fourteen days and a half.

We are much indebted to Mr. Morgan, of the Literary Depot, for Wilmer & Smith's European Times, which he placed in our possession at an early hour. From it, and Boston and New York extras, we make up our summary.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The main feature which we notice in this news is the acknowledged—nay, the extraordinary activity which exists in the dock yards and naval arsenals of England at the present moment, and of which we had been previously apprised. In many of her outports steam frigates of the largest class have been ordered by the Government, to be ready by a fixed period, according to the contracts, and the builders have been bound down in heavy penalties to have them, like the old Commodore in the song, "fit for sea" at the required time. The contractors have recently been informed by the Admiralty that the penalties will be rigidly enforced in the event of failure as to time. In addition, surveys are being made of the coast and of the outports, and preparations are also being made for placing the whole in a position of the greatest strength and impregnability.

It will be, therefore, seen that the probabilities of a foreign war, of which we spoke in our paper of yesterday and the day previous, and of which we shall say more tomorrow, are not based upon chimerical theories, but arise from existing facts, and are founded upon evident realities. The editor of the European Times seems nonplused to account for this commotion in the maritime department of Great Britain, and seeks to find its solution in a number of causes. There are only two; the approaching death of the King of the French as a natural consequence, and the hostile attitude of the British Government and ours towards each other, which, should the screen of diplomacy be even now withdrawn, would prove to be far more belligerent than a view from before the curtain would lead one to believe. To these "signs of the times" our government will, of course be keenly alive.

COTTON.—The Cotton market, we regret to state, continues in a depressed condition, prices having still rather a downward tendency. Holders show a desire to accept the current rates and to press their stocks. The sales of the week ending on Friday, 17th ult., only amounted to 20,000 bales, and limited as this business was, it was even more restricted on the 18th, for not more than 1,500 to 2,000 bags changed hands. The current prices were for Orleans and Mobile—Ordinary 3 1/4 a 4 1/4; Middling 4 1/4 a 4 3/4; Fair 4 1/2 a 5; Good Fair 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; Good 6 a 6 1/2; Choice ginned mark 7 a 8.

RAILROADS.—The mania of railroad speculation increases in England. Indeed it seems as if the whole nation was going on a "bust."

We give an extract below from a letter by the New York correspondent of the Bulletin. It touches upon some of the most interesting subjects now exciting the public mind:

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.

Dear Sir: I sent you by the mail, this morning, an extra containing the news by the Great Western. Want of a pilot prevented her coming in last night. The effect of the news has been to raise the price of flour 25c. a barrel, leaving, as some say, a margin for further improvement, though the state of the market abroad was not even yet entirely settled, nor free from liability to rise or fall, as depending yet on later and more complete information as to the crops on the Continent. The news taken out by the Great Western, giving a more pacific aspect to affairs between Mexico and the United States, had a favorable influence on the price of American stocks in the London market; and yet, according to a letter from a distinguished house there, the stocks were rather lower there on the 10th inst. than they are here now. I speak in reference to the stocks of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c. The Great Britain took letters, to-day, in answer to those delivered by the Great Western this morning. Passengers who had the best opportunities to judge, say that the feeling is for peace with this country among people of the highest class and authority in England. An American gentleman, who saw and received pointed civilities from Sir ROBERT PEEL, thinks it not at all unlikely, that he will recommend to parliament a decided and substantial relaxation of the Corn Laws;

and it may be supposed that their policy would lead them to such modification and course of trade as would favor freer purchases in America; in preference to the Continent, as here they would be more likely to exchange their manufactures for our provisions, in lieu of the specie they would have to send, in large proportion, to the Continent. Speaking of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and his style of person and oratory, he says there is a strong resemblance between him and the late Nicholas BIDDLE, especially in voice and manner of delivery.

Conjecture is alive as to the late obvious accumulation of warlike materiel, and audible notes of preparation in England. The better opinion seems to be, that it has reference to hostile collisions with France, which all think it probable may ensue on the death of Louis PHILIPPE who completed in this month his 73d year! These extension of warlike equipments are probably founded on the possibility of a rupture with us, and the almost certainty of the breaking out of old ill-smothered national antipathies between England and France, when the Executive power of the latter shall have devolved upon a ruler less able or less disposed to restrain the warlike propensities of the French Nation:

Here we have, happily, as I think, for the republic, to wait until it is clearly inevitable before we can prepare for war; and yet during our thirty years of peace, we have taxed the people to the amount of some three or four hundred millions of dollars for the maintenance of our military establishments. How does that amount compare with the profits of the commerce they are maintained to protect?

The opinion gains ground that if Mr. BUCHANAN leaves the State Department, it will be to fall back on his resources in Pennsylvania; and that he will not desert his constituents at a juncture involving their great interests, to be stowed away on the bench—or laid up like an old yellow Admiral on shore.

[From the Spanish of "La Verdad"]

THE EX-GOVERNOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ELECTIONEERING TOUR.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF OTHELLO'S COURTSHIP.]

"The people lov'd me—oft got drunk with me, Governor, (they cried,) come tell us your adventures,

From year to year, the scrapes and intrigues, in politics,

That you've been versed in, I ran them through, from the day I first wore scarlet To the very hour I tasted their fine claret.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances, Of hair-breadth 'scapes in public speaking— Of being taken by the insolent foe, and saved across.

Of my redemption thence, with all my gallantry, at 'country quarters,'

When of the Itacamba wedding scene, Of scaling garden-walls, lying hid in closets, It was my hint to speak, [for I love bragging.] And of the politicians that each other cheat, And the Bankers "EXPURGING NAMES," So neatly writ.

All these to hear,

The anxious people would from the corners lean, And stare with stupid wonder.

As I told of fights, I ne'er had seen; They swore 'twas strange, 'twas wondrous strange,

'Twas comical, 'twas hugely comical: The ladies said they'd be afraid of me,

"I fags, you Senators are wicked creatures;" They'd be afraid of me, they vow'd—"and yet,

You are so comical, and entertaining, Well, I declare, of all men on earth,

I like a Senator." On the "hint" I spoke, For "the people" love talented fellows;

And I lov'd them to get their MONEY. G.

CURIOUS FACT IN COMMERCE.—At the late meeting of the British Association, Mr. Porter, in a paper "on the Trade and Navigation of Norway," stated the following curious fact in reference to the fur-trade of that country:—"The greater part of the skins sold by the Norwegians are obtained from Hamburg merchants, who buy them in London from the Hudson's Bay Company; the Norwegians convey them to Finmark, from whence they are taken to Moscow, and sold to the caravan traders for the purpose of being bartered with the Chinese for tea at Kiachta!"

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.—The U. S. steamer Surveyor, Capt. W. G. Williams, stopped at a barren and rocky point of land, called Deaths Door, at the entrance to Green Bay, Wisconsin, a few weeks ago, to survey the coast, when one of the surveying party, Mr. Richard Bartlett, of Buffalo, lost his way while returning to the boat. Search was made for him during two days, but only a few tracks were discovered on Bluffs, and they could not be traced any distance.

It is thought that Mr. Calhoun will be in the Senate, vice Gen. Huger, who will resign.

THE IMPOLICY OF DISHONESTY ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASE OF JAS. K. POLK.

Universal experience teaches that the venerable adage—"Honesty is the best policy"—is true. It is as true in politics as in anything else; and, yet, a large number of persons who get their daily bread by politics disregard it. Each one of those professional politicians would undoubtedly say that the adage is true in the abstract and true in its general application to mankind, although they seem to think themselves singled out, in the mysterious dispensations of fate, as exceptions from the general rule, and believe that they practice dishonesty without perilling their characters, or their chances of publication. We doubt very much however if any one of those, who have habitually discarded honesty and practiced deceitfulness, can be found who has not at times regretted his course, not so much perhaps because of an uneasy conscience, as because of the popular distrust he has brought on himself. It is true in all the departments of business, politics included, that temporary advantages are some times secured by dishonesty; but it is no less true that honesty in the long run is the best policy.

Among those trading politicians, who seem to have proved that dishonesty is the wisest worldly policy, Mr. James K. Polk stands conspicuous not because of the superiority of his mind but owing to the superiority of his station. It is difficult for the disciples of deceit to point to an instance in which dishonesty procured a person more worldly advantages than it did for the present Chief Magistrate of this nation. To his wilful, bold, premeditated deception, he is indebted for his present position. Had he been honest he would now be an inconspicuous man on the banks of Duck river.

Does any one fancy that Polk's condition is worthy of human envy? Would a wise man, a genuine philosopher accept it at the tremendous and incalculable cost that its present possessor paid for it? They who think that brilliant position is a sufficient remuneration for the pangs of an outraged conscience, for the reprobation of all good men, for self-contempt and the frowns of high Heaven, may wish to be in the place of James K. Polk. But all good and wise men concur in believing that an approving conscience is the "pearl of great price," a treasure of infinitely more worth than mere worldly station. He is a fool who would barter away the smiles of Heaven for any advantage that wealth or worldly honor can bestow, and to this class of fools belongs James K. Polk.

"In 1844, this same gentleman, who had been "breathing threatenings and slaughter against protection, became, by the most astonishing and miraculous revolution of the wheel of fortune, the Loco-foco candidate for the Presidency. A letter was written by a Pennsylvanian to ascertain from Mr. Polk whether his opinions on the subject of the tariff were such as find favor in Pennsylvania."

"In this celebrated juggling letter, the writer turned his back completely on what he had said the year before when a candidate for Governor in Tennessee."

In 1843, he declared emphatically that he had steadily and at all times opposed the protective system; and, in June 1844, he declared that he was in favor of reasonable incidental protection to our home industry and always sanctioned it. The statements conflict, and Polk was guilty as they prove of dishonesty of the most sneaking and contemptible kind. On the strength of his insincere hypocritical unmeaning twattle about protecting home industry he was every where in those sections where protection was popular, represented as a better and truer friend of the protective policy than that eminent statesman whose name will be forever associated with the glory of the American System.

This was the result Polk desired. He wished to practice a fraud on those who were so ignorant of his deserts as to repose confidence in his statements, and he succeeded. They believed him honest when he committed high treason against the majesty of truth. He owes his present external advantages to fraud and as might naturally be expected, his seat is not on rose-leaves. He is in a wretched chair, but its cushion is thick with thorns to his sensibility. He is undoubtedly the unhappiest and most distressed man in the country. For him is not the luxury of a quiet conscience. The serene heavens look down reproachfully on his head. Not for his ears is the music of bird songs and the melody of gentle winds. The flowers of the spring afford no delight to his eye, the fruits of summer pall on his taste, and the splendors of autumn do not whisper their hymn, so sweet and so elevating, to his heart. Heaven, nor earth, nor the changing seasons, with all their varied and countless beauties, can confer any delight on him. He is dogged on all sides by the most beggarly crew of sycophants and fools, who earnestly entreat him to save them and their households from starvation. Instead of looking on the beauties of nature, his eye is always filled with specimens of moral and political deformity; hungry wretches, whose cry, like that of the horse leech, eternally "give—give—give!" In the midst of all the glitter and splendor of his position, there is one dark abiding, and bitter reflection which is worm-wood in his cup—which, like the evil genius of Brutus, haunts his solitary moments with